

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

BOSTON AND CHARLES SUMNER.

Boston, May 23, 1856.

DEAR READERS OF THE BUGLE:—This evening the people of Boston have given evidence that there is yet among them, some remnant of the spirit of the old time. There is too, the evidence of the existence of that todism which now, as in 1773, would "crush out" every generous and effective effort for freedom.

In the evening papers there appeared an anonymous notice, that a preliminary meeting would be held in one of the smaller halls of the city, to take measures for a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, for the expression of the feeling of Boston, relative to the outrage upon Charles Sumner. Going to the place of meeting two or three hours after this announcement, we found all approach to the entrance obstructed by the retreating crowd, unable to obtain admission. The multitude finally adjourned to Fremont Temple, a large and magnificent hall. As the thousands poured in to this volunteer, preliminary meeting, they were welcomed by the shouts and cheers of those arrived before them. The people came with hurrying indignation in their hearts, for the outrage upon the Senator, and against the system which had perpetrated it. As they looked around over their immense assembly to find the man who could most fittingly express their noblest emotions, their eyes all centered on one, and immediately a deafening cry swelled up for Phillips, Phillips, Wendell Phillips. Mr. Phillips, who desired for the cause sake, that other, hitherto more popular and conservative citizens should lead in this movement, held back, but finally as the audience would not be denied, came forward after one other gentleman had addressed them on the express condition that Mr. Phillips should follow him. Among other speakers, Theodore Parker was also called out.

His speech was very little acceptable to the trimmers and time-servers who hoped by mounting this wave of popular excitement to ride to the success of some personal or partisan hobby. Mr. P. very briefly but distinctly pointed out the fact that the people of Massachusetts, especially of Boston, are indebted to their own pro-slavery and dog-facedness for this outrage upon Mr. Sumner, though charged upon the commonwealth. Mr. Parker's speech could not be called a *politico* one in the popular sense of that term, but it was a most heroic and faithful rebuke of the pro-slavery of the city in which he stood.

The meeting finally adjourned to Faneuil Hall to-morrow evening, after appointing a committee of fifty, nominated by a gentleman who hoped by dissenting to Mr. Parker and Phillips' speech and by omitting all active and faithful, and therefore unpopular abolitionists from the committee, to get the "property and standing" to come and express their indignation. Unless there is to be a new creation of something out of nothing, this man and his sympathizers will be mistaken in their expectation of getting indignation out of the heartless property and standing of our great cities, Boston among the rest. Such men are incapable of feeling indignation against the invaders of Human rights. It is all reserved for the invaders of their patient faces and bank vaults. They are through their organs in the city condemning Mr. Sumner's severity and personality, and thus justifying the outrage they, (some of them) pretend to denounce. The people here are deeply moved.

Those who deem themselves the nobility of Boston with the party leaders, finding themselves unable to stem the torrent, will try to guide it by as harmless as possible to their cherished "institutions."

A PLEDGE AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Some twenty-three years ago, Dr. Beecher and his ten associates, the Faculty of Lane Seminary, held frequent meetings with their pupils to induce them to disband their anti-slavery society and abandon their anti-slavery efforts, which were rendering the seminary exceedingly unpopular. Earnestly and familiarly on one occasion, Dr. Beecher said: "Boys, you are right in your views, but most impracticable in your measures. Mining and quiet strategy are ordinarily better, as well as safer methods of taking a city, than to do it by storm. It is not always wise to take a bull by the horns. You are right, but in your way you can't succeed. If you should succeed, I will be with you, swing my hat and shout hurra!"

All this with the Doctors sparkling eye, his face and gesture were most distinctly before me, as at the commencement of the meeting spoken of above my eye, all unexpectedly rested upon the old man standing there upon the front of the platform, his hat swinging in mid air, and he shouting with the utmost compass of his now feeble voice, hurra! hurra! hurra! and again repeating this expression of his young enthusiasm.

Be assured dear reader, that not having seen the venerable man before for a score of years, the reminiscence of the past combined with the circumstances of the present came upon me with oppressive interest. This was by no means relieved by the thought, that long as the old man had waited to redeem his pledge, his noble impulses had crowded him forward to swing his hat and shout too soon. For alas, we have not yet "succeeded."

Then the Lane Seminary students were in conflict with their theological instructors for the right of free speech; and to-day, after a quarter of a century's struggle, Charles Sumner lies bleeding, a noble martyr to his heroic exercise of this right most dear to all freemen and most hated by all tyrants. When free speech is established, the jubilee will have come.

THE NEW TRACT.

No. 18, of the series of Anti-Slavery Tracts, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages is just issued under the title "Fugitive Slave Law and its Victims." Owing to its unusual size, as well as to the exhausted state of the tract fund, it has been deemed advisable to sell this number instead of distributing it gratuitously. It will be sold per single copy at five cents, per dozen fifty cents and by the hundred at four dollars, which last price is less than the cost. It is expected that there will be a supply of these tracts in a few days at Mr. McMillan's, the bookseller's. We hope they will be circulated extensively.

DEMOCRACY.

If any reliance can be placed upon indications, this country is nearer a civil war than it has been since the formation of the Federal Government.—*Leader.*

Bah! Such twaddle is too silly even for children. Nobody dreams of "civil war." The country is rich and prosperous, and the people are happy. Under such circumstances, the ambitious efforts of a dozen men to seat themselves in the Presidential chair will hardly raise a mass aspiring to the dignity of a sharp dog fight.—*Clevelandian.*

Mr. Sumner's "kinder like" brother May's wit, as it is the most successful antidote which can be administered to such tomfoolery and gammon. Talk about a "civil war" in this country, and that over a few "colored gentlemen in the fuel." Nonsense.

The blessings of a free government and a constitution guaranteeing equal rights to all sections of the republic, are not to be jeopardized for "trifles light as air," so long as "Uncle Sam" has the will and power to suppress insurrection and to punish violations of law and order.—*Windsor.*

There is something peculiarly low-bred and nasty in the slang of the American "Democrat." If the possibility of becoming a gentleman ever enters his head it is as a very distant contingency; what he lacks in gentleness, however, he makes up in impudence, so that he always manages to elbow his way successfully through society. We give the foregoing paragraph from the *Windsor* as a case in point, for the benefit of such of our readers as may be interested in the study of this species. "Brother May's wit," we confess it with mortification, is not obvious. L.

THE NEW YORK RADICAL DEMOCRATS.

The following paragraphs constitute the conclusion of the recent address of the New York Radical Democrats, on the slavery question. This document has the rare merit of growing better toward the end. We hope the signers may have the grace, so rare among northern men, wherever opposition to slavery is concerned, of sticking to their promises:

There was a time, within the memory of even youthful citizens, when freedom was considered a national, and slavery a local and sectional; but under the concessions of the present day, slavery has come to be regarded as the corner stone of our republican edifice, and the extension of its domain as the shibboleth of a "National Democrat." The period is not remote when it was deemed strictly in accordance with democratic principles, that the people, the fountain and source of all political power, should prescribe the measure of government, and give direction to the conduct of those they placed in public station. But under the peculiar democratic auspices of the present hour and hour, existing conditions, this wholesome principle is reversed. It is no longer the people who rule, but who are ruled. It is the President, who under his own sign and name, declares what measures shall be approved, to what standard of ethics the popular mind shall conform, and upon what terms and conditions men shall be allowed to remain within the communion of the party. It is the President who reads homilies to his northern constituents on the immorality of aiding the less favored fellow citizens to emigrate to the unoccupied prairies of the West, and stigmatizes the founding of a free State as a crime against the peace of society; while, with a characteristic consistency, he levies through his subordinates, a forced contribution upon the employees of the government, for the purpose of influencing the election in his native State. The Jeffersonian test, honesty, capability, and fidelity to the Constitution, is no longer regarded. Does he approve the measures of any administration? does he stand fairly and squarely on the Nebraska bill? is he without taint on the slavery question?—these are the tests of character and condition upon which men are permitted to call themselves Democrats, and to participate in the favors of the present administration. Nor does it stop here. Men who do not stain upon their personal or political characters, whose whole lives have been devoted to Democratic principles, are treated with contumely, and their counsel spurned, because they are unwilling to violate their convictions of right, and join in the support of the interests of the country. The most energetic living statesmen of the republic, (Van Buren and Butler) against whose devotion to the constitutional rights of the South during a quarter of a century the breath of calumny never dared to whisper, are now branded with obnoxious reproach, for no other cause than a refusal to enlist under the banner of slavery extension.

These are the fruits which belong to the existing order of things, and this the shrine at which the humbly adoration of the people is offered. With the requisition, we hazard the prediction, that when time shall have ripened coming events into history, the future will be the past. President Pierce do not prove, in his own dear bought experience, that the gratitude of the slaveholder is as evanescent as his demands are exacting and imperious.

Against the legitimate and constitutional rights of the South we wage no warfare. Toward its citizens we entertain no hostility. We concede to them, within their appropriate jurisdiction, the right to regulate their own constitution of property. But they must cease the attempt to force upon us an agreement in principle, in regard to which there can be no community of feeling, and no accordance of action. We warn them against placing confidence in the representations of men who have no right to the power, even if they possess the disposition to control the votes of the Democratic Electors of the Empire State. These will demand a due respect for their own rights and a proper appreciation of the rights of others. They will require a return to those principles of public policy which shall beget to the democracy of the States their true right and position in the direction of affairs, and secure them against the abuse of federal power. They will ask that the aggressive policy which has marked the onward march of slavery shall cease. They will demand for their children in Kansas the just protection to which they are entitled against horrid ruffianism, and the cessation of that anomaly which, under the application of "popular sovereignty," imposes upon them a government upheld by the bayonets of the federal soldiery.

Speaking for ourselves, in view of the circumstances we have detailed, we unhesitatingly and firmly declare, that no possible expediency of party relations, by no act of omission or commission on our part, will we consent that the fair and fertile prairies of the West shall be made to echo to the lash of the overseer's whip or the clank of the slave's fetters. The experience of the past and the hopes of the future bind us to an inflexible adherence to the doctrine so often promulgated by the democracy of this state, of "uncompromising hostility to the extension of slavery into free territory," the recognition of which can alone secure the triumph of the democratic masses, and insure the stability of our republican institutions.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a recent public meeting in Cincinnati. From the report in the *Gazette* we judge that the meeting was a large and enthusiastic one:

WHEREAS, We have all heard of the assault of P. S. Brooks upon the Hon. Chas. Sumner, while the latter gentleman was seated in the Senate Chamber, therefore,

Resolved, That we view with the intensest indignation this brutal, cowardly and border ruffian assault of an insignificant representative of a fanatical State, upon the person of Chas. Sumner, a man worthy of the highest respect and admiration, and who has acquired a world-wide reputation.

Resolved, That we see in this attack an assault upon the dearest rights of a free citizen—liberty of speech—which has always been the palladium of liberty; and that in this attempt to coerce the privileges of a Senator to speak what he pleases upon the floor of the Senate, we see an attack on the Constitutional liberty of the country, which if not checked, promptly and effectually will destroy the freedom of our whole country.

Resolved, That the assaults and murder committed by members of Congress from Southern States, show that it is unsafe to have the seat of government in a slaveholding District, where the oligarchy can come to crime upon crime with impunity, and we demand its removal to a free State, or the abolition of Slavery in the district of Columbia.

Resolved, That it is our unanimous opinion that the House of Representatives owes it to itself, to the country and to justice to expel P. S. Brooks, who dared to invade the sanctity of the Senate chamber.

Resolved, That we tender to Mr. Charles Sumner our warmest sympathies and our earnest hopes that he may yet recover and upon the Senate floor for the next six years proclaim the National-Saving Liberty-loving doctrine—Freedom National—Equality National.

WHAT THE SOUTH THINKS OF THE WASHINGTON BRUTALITY.

We clip the following paragraphs from two Richmond, Virginia, papers. They carry their own comments. The first is from the *Richmond Examiner*.

Peace hath her Victories no Less Renowned than War.—Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, whose reputation as a scholar rests chiefly upon a discourse on the foregoing text, seems bent upon illustrating his theory in his own person. He concludes a two day's discharge of scholarly platitudes and pedantic dullness by venting a fifty stream of billingsgate on heads hitherto with age answered from men who would afford him personal satisfaction with vulgar epithets, and when called for cowardly vituperation, falls to the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice, and most glorious exemplar of the man of peace.

The next paragraph is from the *Richmond Whig*:

A Good Deed.—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an eloquent and effectual beating. We are rejoiced at this. The only regret we feel is, that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horse-whip or a cowhide upon his slanderous back, instead of a cane. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.

Another Outrage.—Last Sunday at the steam-boat Jacob Strader, bound for the dock at Cincinnati, Mr. Brooks, who happened to be on board, was arrested by her officers and immediately conveyed across the river to Covington. He exhibited to his captors papers which proved his freedom: but they paid no heed to his remonstrance. After lying in jail at Covington all night he was taken out in the morning, and, after a careful hearing, discharged. What makes the matter worse, is the fact that the poor man got on board the boat at a town in Illinois, which was a proof that he was free. This outrage upon the dignity of our laws should be properly avenged. Let the captain and officers of the *Strader* be arrested on a charge of kidnapping, and, if they deny guilt, let them all be sent to the Penitentiary. There is no use in playing with such men. We apprehend, however, that the officers of justice in Cincinnati will pocket the insult to their state, and say nothing more about the matter. What are we coming to?—*Cler. Leader.*

The Charleston Mercury, in speaking of the invasion of Kansas by the Southerners, says:—"Never was money expended in a warlike cause, and never more prudently, for Kansas is an investment for posterity—for those who are hereafter to enjoy the fruits of our zeal in defence of the institutions of the South."

Kansas.—It will be observed, in reading the news from Kansas, that the "Buford regiment," and most of the others who have recently arrived there from the South, have not gone to Kansas to become settlers, but to "fight the Abolitionists." Shannon organizes them as his "militia," and will use them as an important section of the standing army of ruffians which is to subdue and exterminate the free state men. And these new recruits from the South do not appear to be fit for much else. Most of them are destitute of means; none of them seem disposed to work for a living; and they comprise more lazy, shiftless paupers than have ever before reached Kansas, excepting those who may have been there temporarily with the invading ruffians from Missouri. We cut the following from a recent letter:—[*Boston Telegraph.*]

"Buford's company, while at Kansas City and its vicinity, were a tax of several hundred dollars upon the people, while the New Haven party, of less than one half their numbers paid out in St. Louis for groceries, provisions, farming and culinary utensils, &c., over six thousand dollars, and at Kansas City some four thousand dollars more—making in all, over ten thousand dollars paid into the lap of Missouri by one party alone."

THE SOUTH AND THE ADMINISTRATION SUSTAIN THE OUTRAGE ON SUMNER.—The resolution of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, providing for a Committee of Investigation with reference to the assault on Senator Sumner, was adopted by a vote of 93 to 63. Among those who voted for the resolution there were but two from the South—Marshall of Kentucky, and Hoffman, of Maryland, and not an Administration member, while among those who voted against it, were sixty-two from the slave States and six from the free States—one of the latter being Herbert, of California. Thus it is seen the dastardly act is sustained by the Administration party. This accounts for the silence of Washington Union and the attempted justification of Brooks by almost the whole tribe of Pierce papers throughout the country.—*Cin. Gazette.*

The more zealous friends of Mr. Buchanan say that Pierce and Douglas are great rascals, and the friends of Pierce and Douglas retorted by saying that Buchanan is a great rascal. There is a very close approach to the truth in both assertions.—*Cler. Leader.*

Theodore Parker says that though U. S. troops have always been quartered in Boston, the only service they ever rendered in that town, for more than forty years was to kidnap Anthony Burns!

Receipts for the Bugle for the week ending May 26.

John Watson, Mt. Union,	\$1.50
Finley McGraw, Painesville,	2.00
Eliza Kuhn, Galesburg,	1.00
Lucius Bissell, Austinburg,	1.50
John Pierce,	1.00
Henry Clow, Nankens,	1.00
J. W. Turner, West Union,	1.50
John Pontius, Petersburg,	1.00
James Erwin, Columbus,	1.50
Hospe Bailey, Smithfield,	1.50

New Store and New Goods.

T. L. RICHARDS,

Is now opening out, in North Benton, Mahoning County, Ohio; a New and Select Assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, consisting of a superb stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, OF EVERY SHADE AND VARIETY, SUCH AS FANCY PLAINS, AND PLAIN SILKS.

Extra Black Dress and Apron Silks. Also, a general assortment of Muslins, Irish Linens, Jamack Veils and Black Crapes, Edgings, Laces, Collars, Striped Poppin, Silk Tissue, Cologerie, Bangs, Gingham, Lawns, Mantillas, Tickings, Flannels, Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Calicoes, Cambrics, Nankens, Jeans, Book Handkerchiefs, Tibbets, Crapes, Ladies' Shoes, Gause, Barre, Lina Handkerchiefs, Grass Cloth, and French Brilliants.

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.

Together with a general assortment of Groceries, and Notions, usually kept in a country store. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine their stock of Goods, as they are determined to sell as low as can be bought in Eastern Ohio.

T. L. RICHARDS.

North Benton, May 31, 1856.—Gm.

MAY, 1856.

LATEST ARRIVAL OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. AT THE CHEAP CORNER.

J. A. L. SCHILLING, Respectfully announces the arrival of their SECOND STOCK of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting in part of a large and varied assortment of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Embroideries, White Goods, KNOTTED and MILLINERY Goods, Trimmings, Black Silk Fringes and Jaces, B-lings, Corda and Tassels, Notions, and a General Stock of Fancy and variety Goods, together with a Full Stock of Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirts, Linen and Cotton Table Diapers, Checks, Denims, Men and Boys Pantaloons, Towelings, Irish Linens, and Linen Handkerchiefs, Nankens and Paper Cambrics, Mercantile Quilts, Shrouding Flannels, &c., &c.

SHAWLS!! SHAWLS!! A few very elegant Plain and Embroidered Crapes, together with a Full Stock of Broche, Stella, Cadmore, Silk and Fancy Summer Shawls, of New and Attractive Styles. Also, some THREE HUNDRED YARDS MORE OF THAT EXTRA BLACK SILK, which for Richness of Lustre, Pliability and cheapness has never been surpassed; Also, a full supply of Striped, Plaid and Chameleon Dress Silks, Calicoes, Berages, Challies, Lawns, Brills, Cambrics, Gingham, Deloges, Delaines, Organdies, &c., &c.

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE; In this important branch, we offer to the trade as heretofore, the largest Stock in the market, comprising some New and Elegant Patterns.

CARPETS!! CARPETS!! We have some extra bargains to offer in Wool and half Wool, Cotton and Ingrain Carpets; Window Shades and Pictures in endless variety. 3000 pieces Wall Paper comprising some New and Beautiful Styles; a good assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes, of a superior quality and cheap. Pittsburgh Carpet Chain, all colors, at only 25 cts. per lb.; Also, a good supply of Cotton Yarn, Cotton Batts, Wicking, Beaver Tubs, Buckets and Keelers, at reduced prices.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended us, we hope by strict attention to the wants of the community to merit a still greater share of your patronage.

J. A. L. SCHILLING.

Salem, May 10, 1856.

CLEVELAND WOOL DEPOT.

THERE is no longer a question, or a doubt in the minds of those who are best acquainted with the advantages the Cleveland Wool Depot offers for the sale of Wools of its importance and practicality.

Located, as it is, at the outlet of the great wool-growing West, being of easy access to wool-growers, and merchants, and within twenty-four hours' ride of the most distant manufacturing centers of New England, it possesses great advantages.

Manufacturers (excepting those who are engaged as speculators in wools) speak in the highest terms of this system, and the many satisfactory letters we are receiving from our wool-growing friends, have stimulated us to increase our efforts to make this house what it should be—a safe and reliable channel for the sale of their wools. It has surmounted all the difficulties and oppositions which would be brought against any enterprise by a class of speculators opposed to it, and it now has more and stronger recommendations than ever.

We have spared no pains or expense in making ample arrangements for all who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages arising from this manner of grading and selling wools. Merchants and wool-growers, who wish to realize on their wools, on delivery at our Depot, can be accommodated with liberal advances. If desired, sacks will be sent as heretofore to those wishing to send us their wool, and WOOL TWINE for tying up pieces, will be furnished at from 13 to 20 cents per pound.

When several in one neighborhood wish to forward sacks or twine, we prefer sending to one address. Our customers in Illinois, and the Western States, will find that ordering sacks from us will save them much trouble, and insure the safe arrival of the wool here, as our sacks are all numbered, and stamped "Cleveland Wool Depot," and after being filled by consignors, will require no other marks.

We hope for a liberal patronage, our charges are low for handling and selling, and we promise our employers that our individual attention shall be devoted to their interest.

Very Respectfully, GOODALE & CO.

PICTURES ON GLASS.

Our friend JAMES BOONE is still taking ANTI-SLAVERY PICTURES, &c., at his old stand, in Johnson & Horner's building.

He has succeeded in doing away with the dark and smutty appearance often given to them by other operators. "JEEMS" understands his business. Call and examine his pictures.

May 8, 1856.

J. DEMING & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Tea Dealers, Would inform their customers in town and vicinity, that they have returned from Philadelphia, and are receiving the best stock of

Groceries

Ever offered in the town of Salem. We would say to all that we can supply them with Tea, from 44 to 88 cts.; Coffee, 14 cts.; good Sugar, as cheap as the cheapest; Molasses, Honey Syrup, Rice, good Raisins (of different kinds); Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Candies, ground and unground Spices.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Fish, of different kinds, Candles, Soap, Buckets, Tubs, Baskets, Washboards, Baking Soda, Cream Tartar, Oil, Oil, Pepper Sauce, and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

All the above will be sold at the lowest living price. Please call and examine our stock. All spices ground by the subscriber are warranted pure.

May 10, 1856.

Botanic Medicine.

HIGH-STREET, SALEM OHIO. MRS. C. L. CHURCH, takes this method of informing her friends, and the public, that she has permanently located on the North side of High-street between the Canfield road and Leody-st., where she intends keeping a general assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, carefully prepared by herself, and warranted free of all deleterious substances.

Salem, Ohio, April 19, 1856.

EVERY READER

WILL please notice the advertisement describing of Mr. SEARS' PICTORIAL ANTI-SLAVERY BIBLE, and send for the printed Catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.

To the UNIVERSITY in the great art of selling Books, we would say that we present a scheme for money making which is far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia.

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher \$25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices) carefully boxed, insured, and sent direct, affording a very liberal percentage to the Agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable and order accordingly. Address (post paid) ROBERT SEARS, PUBLISHER, 181 William Street, New York.

LOST. On Thursday, April 17th, a note calling for \$18.00; given by William Webb to George Fleck. All persons are warned not to buy said note, as its payment has been stopped.

GEORGE FLECK.

May 10, 1856.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

The following beautiful lines are taken from Wilson's Ornithology, to the student of nature one of the most delicious of books, and quite superior to Audubon in that indescribable rural charm which the reader will find in the subjoined poem. We hope some enterprising publisher will give us a handsome edition of this charming author which would, in the present advanced state of the art of engraving on wood, be practicable at a rate that would place the work within the reach of all. Ed. Bugle.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

When Winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields re-
appearing,
The fisherman hauling his shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-
steering;
When the first lonely butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so
pleasing,
Oh! then comes the Blue-Bird, the herald of
Spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the
season.
Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the
weather,
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to
spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together,
Oh! then to your gardens, ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your
leisure,
The Blue-Bird will chant from his box such an air
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleas-
ure!
He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet
blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers, wherever they be,
And seizes the catfish that lurk in their bosoms:
He drags the vile grub from the corn he devours,
The worms from the webs where they riot and
weaver:
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is—in Summer a shelter.
The ploughman is pleased when he gleams in his
train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to
cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to listen and to hear
him;
The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be
chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little listener seems to adore him.
When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swal-
low;
The Blue-Bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of Winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a low tone of sorrow.
While Spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of
heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-Bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treas-
ure;
For through blindest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleas-
ure.

JOHN CALVIN.

From the letter of a correspondent of one of our
exchanges we cut the following sentence:

"John Calvin does not now roar Sermons to
death over a low fire, for questioning the Trinity,
but the Ecclesiastical, Political, and Social
Machine works mightily tight upon those who are
struggling up into true and independent man-
hood."

The historical accuracy of the above is quite equal
to its grammar. It is time such flippant & ribbly
for their own sakes, should cease to relish this
stale slander on the great Geneva Reformer.
(We say for their own sakes, for the fame of the
great and good man thus maligned will shine with
increasing lustre, when the whole tribe of his
traders, are utterly forgotten.) They are either
too ignorant to know, or too mean to admit, that
the memory of Calvin has been completely and
triumphantly vindicated from all participation
in the burning of Servetus (not Servetus as it is
in the above extract) and that, too, by the researches
of a Unitarian historian and minister, Calvin was
overruled and his advice set aside in the condemnation
and killing of Servetus.

The intelligent portion of the American people are
just beginning to do tardy justice to the great
Reformer, and to admit the mighty debt of obliga-
tion which the world and especially the United
States owe him. To Calvin are mainly due the
three great institutions of this country, viz: a Re-
publican form of government, Free Schools and
religious liberty. Geneva, according to Bancroft,
a Unitarian historian, was the "seed plot" of modern
democracy, and free schools and religious toler-
ation were in active operation there under the
fostering care of Calvin, long before the Pilgrims
landed on Plymouth rock.

During the bloody persecution of Mary in Eng-
land, hundreds of refugees found shelter and
protection in the little republic of Geneva, and there
were sown in the wild minds the seeds of those great
institutions and principles which they afterwards
planted "on the wild New England shores"—insti-
tutions and principles to which this country owes
all its greatness. Calvin was their great teacher.
His mighty intellect pierced through the gloom that
for ages had brooded over the minds of men, and
brought to light and reduced to practice the truths
and principles which form the very basis of modern
progress and improvement. It is surely high
time that those who share so largely in the benign
results of his labors, should cease to blacken his
memory.—Free Presbyterian.

AN ENLIGHTENED JUDGE.—In 1687, the laws
against witchcraft being in force, one Jane Wen-
man was tried before Sir John Powell, a native of
Worcestershire, and her adversary swore that she
could fly. "Prisoner," said our Judge "can you
fly?" "Yes, my Lord." "Well, then you say
there is no law against flying."

THE CACHETTE OF NANTES.

From Chambers' Journal.

Seven months and a half had elapsed since the
assassination of the Duke de Berri, when, on the
24th of September, 1835, his widow, the Duchess
de Berri, gave birth to a son, to the great joy of
the royal family, and apparently to that of the ma-
jority of the French people, inasmuch as it was
hoped that the succession to the constitutional
throne of France would be secured in the person
of this infant heir-presumptive; his uncle, the
Duke d'Angoulême, at that time dauphin and heir-
apparent, not having or being likely to have any
issue.

The young prince, who was born at the palace
of the Tuileries, was christened by the names of
Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieudonné-Artois,
Duke de Bordeaux. One of these names—
Dieudonné, or God's gift—was bestowed on him
because the devotees then in the ascendant at the
court of his grandfather, Charles X., maintained
that after the fright his mother had received on
that fearful night when her husband was murder-
ed before her eyes, it was little short of a miracle
that she had been preserved unharmed, and that
the posthumous child of the unfortunate Duke de
Berri should be a son; for by the salic-law then
in vigor, females were excluded from the suc-
cession to the throne of France.

Alas for high-sounding titles and dynastic cal-
culation! Less than ten years after this lauded
golden branch of the Bourbons was once more
expelled from France after a short but sharp
contest; and Louis Philippe, the head of the young-
er one, was elected by the representatives of the
people to what was styled at the time a monarchy,
surrounded by republican institutions. That jour-
nal, after a longer period, and after the most ob-
servant persons usually assigned to any governmen-
tal system or regime in France, was lopped off by
the bill-hook of Revolution, and the tree of Lib-
erty set up in its stead, with the scions of Equality
and Fraternity grafted upon it. That sapless
tree, soon utterly and completely withered, and
with the turbulent republic of which it was the
emblem; and now France is again under the do-
minion of a Bonaparte, with the title of emperor,
and in possession of absolute power.

It would be idle to speculate regarding the next
possible change. Let us, however, be indulgent
towards our neighbors, the French people, who
have had, and still have, more obstacles to contend
with in their political course than are generally
recognized by strangers. They are, at all events,
entitled to be considered as the best judges of
their own affairs.

The Duchess de Berri was much beloved by the
Parisians, for she was generous and affable. She
usually passed a portion of the summer months
with her two children at her chateau or country-
seat in the village of Ruens, a short distance
from Paris. The villagers were greatly attached
to her, and with reason, for she was quite a bene-
factor to them, affording profitable employment to
the young and healthy, and alleviating the suf-
ferings of the aged and sick.

It was said, and I believe truly, that the duchess
made every possible effort to dissuade Charles X.
from signing those fatal Ordinances which caused
the popular outbreak and Revolution of July, 1830.
At that period the Duchess de Berri was in her
thirty-second year, having been born on the sec-
ond of November, 1798. Her father was Ferdi-
nand I, king of the two Sicilies. She was of fair
complexion, with very light hair; her figure was
slight and elegant; and, though she was not beau-
tiful, she was charmingly so, and very agreeable
and tractable. Her son, usually styled the Duke de
Bordeaux, was at the same date nine years and
months, and her daughter, who was called Made-
moiselle, ten years and ten months old. They
were both carefully trained and educated under
their mother's superintendence.

Two years after the Revolution of July, 1830—
that is to say, in the autumn of 1832—the Duchess
de Berri left Italy, whither she had retired since
after the expulsion of the royal family from France.
With scant attendance, she reached the royalist
province of Brittany, where, as well as in the ad-
jacent and congenial district of La Vendée, she
and sheltered by the old families and the peasantry,
she went from place to place, endeavoring to
foment a formidable agitation in favor of her son,
now nearly twenty years old, whom she considered
to be the rightful king of France, his grandfather,
Charles X., having abdicated in his favor on the
second of August, 1830. To this day the stanch
royalists call him Henri V., though he is
generally known as the Count de Chambord, a title
derived from the fine old chateau of Chambord,
in Touraine, which was purchased by the royal-
ists of Paris, and presented to him by that cor-
poration when he was an infant.

Such was the position and such were the feel-
ings of the Duchess de Berri at the period to which
our narrative refers. She reached Nantes, the an-
cient capital of Brittany, and remained there for
some time, no suspicion of so ominous a fact being
entertained by the authorities. The duchess usu-
ally resided with a well-tried royalist family; but
she had selected the house of two ladies of the
name of Dugui, in another quarter of the city,
as the safest place of refuge in an unforeseen
emergency. Thither, too, she frequently repaired
to consult upon various matters connected with
her momentous expedition. Firm and faithful
were all her friends at Nantes. One and all watched
over her safety with the piercing eyes of loyal
loyalists; but there was a Judas at hand, bent upon
selling his benefactors.

In 1831, Simon Deutz, a converted German Jew,
who had been baptized at Rome by the Christian
name of Paris, was strongly recommended to the
duchess as a reliable person. Accordingly, she
employed him for many months before her expedi-
tion to Brittany, on various confidential missions,
which he executed with great tact and seeming fi-
delity. The confiding duchess treated him with
the greatest kindness, and liberally rewarded him
for his services; yet this treacherous Jew, who had
gradually to a menacing compact with the com-
missary-general of police at Nantes, to deliver the
duchess into his hands. Towards the close of Oc-
tober, 1832, Deutz left some despatches at the
house where the duchess was residing, accompan-
ied by an earnest written request from himself, un-
der his signature, that she would permit him to
see her, as he had some important intelligence to
impart, which it would be imprudent to commit
to paper. The duchess having consented to re-
ceive him, the interview took place at seven in the
evening of the 30th of October, at the house of
Madame Dugui. It lasted an hour and a half,
when Deutz—whose manner was afterwards recog-
nized to have been embarrassed—took leave.

At a second conference at Madame Dugui's,
in the afternoon of Tuesday the 6th of November,
when Deutz received some despatches from the
duchess, he took some pains to remind her of the
fidelity and economy with which he had fulfilled
the different commissions she had entrusted to him.
Having ascertained that she, and the faithful ones
who accompanied her, would dine that day at
Madame Dugui's, he departed, and forthwith
hastened to give information to the commissary-
general of police that it was the duchess.

Three friends, who were deservingly in the duchess's
confidence—the Baroness de Charette, Made-
moiselle Celeste de Kersabiec, and M. Guibourg—
were invited to join the dinner-party. It was a
bright moonlight evening; and at about half-past
five o'clock, the guests were assembled in Madame
Dugui's drawing-room, previously to an announce-
ment of dinner. There were not any lights in the
room. After conversing a little time about the
beauty of the evening, M. Guibourg advanced to
the window, to admire the outdoor effect of the
moonlight—when, to his dismay, he beheld a bat-
talion of infantry silently surrounding the house.
He instantly gave the alarm, and all three hasten-
ed to the duchess's room, where she had received
Deutz less than two hours before. This room was
a garret. Methinks I see it now, for I have been
a guest there. A poor-looking chamber it was: the
furniture consisted only of a few rush-bottomed
chairs and an old card-table, beneath of its former
green-cloth covering. By way of embellishment,
the duchess herself had pasted some common por-
trait-hangings on the walls. Why, then, was this
dreary attic emphatically called the duchess's
room? Because attached to it was the cachette—
the hiding-place—to which she might flee in a case
of imminent peril like the present.

The Count de Mesnard—who had been her
quarry in more prosperous days, and who now
adhered to her in adversity—Mademoiselle

Stylio de Kersabiec, were with the duchess in the
garret.

"To the cachette—to the cachette! madame,"
cried the newcomers. "The house is surrounded
by troops! You are betrayed! There is no
moment to lose!"

All rushed to the *cheminée*, or fireplace, which
in an angle of the little garret. One of the party
kneeling down on the hearth, touched a spring
and the *plaque*, or iron plate forming the back of
the fireplace, flew open, revealing a cavity between
the wall of the chimney and the exterior wall of
the house; this is the cachette. Into it the duchess,
Mademoiselle Stylio de Kersabiec, the Count de
Mesnard, and M. Guibourg, crept as quickly as
possible on their hands and knees; the *plaque* was
closed upon them, and the two ladies left the
room.

It was indeed high time that the duchess and
her companions were shut out of sight; for now
the commissary-general of police and his officers,
all armed with pistols, and escorted by a detach-
ment of the battalion which invested the house,
entered it, and in a twinkling every room was occu-
pied by soldiers. The commissary-general of police
and his subordinates went direct to the garret
where, from the treacherous Deutz's description,
they felt certain of finding the duchess; but the
bird had flown up, or rather behind, the chimney,
and nothing was to be seen but the old card-table
and the rush-bottomed chairs, and a small crucifix on
the rude mantelpiece.

The police officers stared at each other with as-
tonishment, and loudly expressed their vexation at
having missed their prey. But the wonderment
and annoyance of all the officials reached to the
highest pitch after a most rigorous but fruitless
search of every room, nook, and corner, includ-
ing the cellar.

The commissary-general of police was evidently
puzzled. The house, its inmates, and, above all,
the garret, testified exactly with the description
given of them by Deutz; but he was not in the secret
of the cachette. There was a sentry in every
room, and the troops were still outside the house.
The search was soon hotly recommenced; beds,
chests of drawers, cupboards, and places not spa-
cious enough to admit a grown person of even the
smallest size, were ransacked to no purpose. The
flooring and walls of each room were scrupulously
examined, the French people, the French people,
the chimney were inspected, and fires lighted in every
room including the garret, but this manoeuvre
failed, and the fires were soon extinguished. The
adjoining houses were subjected to a search of the
same description. In one of them there was a
room which abutted on the mysterious garret next
door; it was a large room, and the floor was
low and long-continued, but not one of the
officials rapped provided to be a medium for eliciting
a response from the other side of the wall. The
servants were closely examined and cross-questioned
to their honor be it recorded, that neither this,
nor the other offers of large rewards, had the
slightest effect—all kept the secret of the cachette.

Mesdames Dugui, although the sentries and po-
lice-officers had their eyes continually upon them,
showed no signs of anxiety or alarm; on the con-
trary, they submitted with an air of lofty indiffer-
ence to this intrusion on their privacy. When
dinner was announced, they seated themselves at
table, and bestowed the usual polite attentions on
their guests, the Baroness de Charette. The party
appeared to be dining heartily, but with what ap-
petite was easily imagined. The maid-servants
who waited on them went through their task with
steadfastness and seeming unconcern.

The commissary-general of police left the house
at about midnight; but, though he left the house
at about midnight, he did not in the slightest degree
slacken the stringent measures he had from the first
adopted for preventing any escape from the premises. One or more sentries
were still posted in every room, and he continued
to be continually on the alert, noting and reporting
to his officers every occurrence that might afford
even the slightest clue to the discovery of the
duchess's retreat. Immediately after the magis-
trate arrived at his official residence, he again
closely questioned Deutz, and his replies were in
perfect accordance with his original statements.
Mesdames Dugui, who were not so easily deceived
and who now insisted that there must be some
yet undiscovered place of concealment at Mes-
dames Dugui's; for he averred that the duchess
could not have left the house after his departure
from it.

And what was passing in the cachette during
these rigid proceedings? The duchess and her
faithful companions distinctly heard, and were
highly amused by, the sonorous exclamations of
their pursuers on finding the garret empty; when,
on entering the large room, they beheld the duchess
and her friends, who had been very quietly seated
at table, and bestowed the usual polite attentions
on their guests, the Baroness de Charette. The party
appeared to be dining heartily, but with what ap-
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who waited on them went through their task with
steadfastness and seeming unconcern.

The night was very cold, and, after a time, the
two gendarmes, who were stationed in the garret,
lighted a large wood-fire in the *cheminée*. At
first, this was a relief to the prisoners behind the
fireplace, who had been very quietly seated at
table, and bestowed the usual polite attentions on
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cracked brick. No sound was heard from without,
however; and they must all have perished in a few
minutes, had not the *plaque* at last given way to
the desperate force brought against it by the two
gendarmes. The gendarmes were panic-stricken
at the bursting open of the *plaque*, scattering the
fire over their legs into the room, and at hearing
vehement human voices issuing from the cavernous
aperture.

"Qui va là?"—Who goes there?—they cried, in
military phrase.

"Your prisoners, who surrender; extinguish the
fire!" replied female voices. The gendarmes rap-
idly obeyed; and after the *plaque* and the hearth
had become sufficiently cooled, the captives crawl-
ed out, the two gendarmes gallantly assisting the
ladies. As soon as the duchess could rise, she did
so with calm dignity, saying: "I am the Duchess
de Berri. You are Frenchmen and soldiers, and I
rely on your honor."

The gendarmes, who had both formerly served
in Napoleon's Imperial Guard, respectfully kissed
the duchess's hand, and showed her every possible
attention. Some of the soldiers who were station-
ed in the lower part of the house, mounted to the
garret on hearing an unusual noise, and the news
rapidly spread that the Duchess de Berri had been
captured. The general commanding at Nantes,
and other superior military officers, soon arrived,
as well as the perfect of the department, and the
commissary-general of police.

All the duchess asked for, after having been so
long in the frightful state we have described, was
a glass of water; she then took the arm of Gen-
eral d'Hermance and proceeded to the castle, at a
very short distance from Mesdames Dugui's
house. Breakfast was soon served for the duchess
and her faithful companions by order of the
colonel commanding the artillery at the castle, and
every delicate attention was paid to the princess.
On the 8th of November she went in a steam-ves-
sel down the Loire as far as St. Nazaire, where
she embarked in the *Cyprien* frigate early on the
morning of the 11th for Blaye—arrived there on
the same day, and was lodged in the castle, where,
under the guardianship of the late General Ba-
gaud, she was detained for some months as a
prisoner, but was eventually released, and allowed
to return to Italy.

The traitor Deutz affected to be stung with re-
morse when he was told that the duchess had
been captured. He poured the room with frantic
gestures, violently striking his head against the
wall, as though he wished to destroy himself. He
was not in earnest, however, for he lived to pocket
the reward of his perfidy; and was sent off to Paris
that very night in a post-chaise in charge of a
police-officer, in order, no doubt, that he might
give further information to the government to the
political projects of the Duchess de Berri and her
adherents.

It is not necessary to speak of the after-career
of so degraded a being as Deutz, further than to
state that he was deservedly repulsed, wherever
he went, by the respectability of all political
opinions and of every religious persuasion.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY JOHN KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singer of summer in full-throated ease,
O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt
mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim,
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And lenden-glows despair,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love wake at her beyond the morrow;
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
But on the wingless wings of poetry,
Or through the magic of the night;
And haply the queen moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding moss-
ey ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in unemphatic, guess-like sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
White hawthorne, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer
eves.

Darling! I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with careless death
Call'd his soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.
Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No rough generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairs, in foams,
Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the meadows, over the stream of sleep,
Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep:
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

To MAKE ME DREAM.—We see it stated that
the place inhabited by men, is infected by pestilence
fully treated with Scotch snuff, that they should
be off like a shot. We have never tried it ourselves,
but we hope it is true, as we will be putting the
snuff to at least one good purpose.

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selves, or use their influence to extend its circulation
among their friends.

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H. FREASE, M. D.
MRS. C. P. FREASE, M. D.
April 13th, 1856.

New Store and New Goods.

T. L. RICHARDS,
Is now opening out, in the STORE FORMERLY
OCCUPIED BY S. GROVE, corner of Main and
Elsworth Streets, a New and Select Assortment
of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, consisting
of a Superb stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, OF EVERY
SHADE AND VARIETY, SUCH AS
FANCY PLAIDS,
PLAID SILKS.

Extra Black Dress and Apron Silks, Also, a general
assortment of Muslins, Irish Linens, Damask
Table Linen, Bird Eye Toweling, Veils, Black Lace
Veils and Black Crapes, Edgings, Laces, Collars,
Undersleeves, Gloves, Hose, Cap Stuffs, Silk Cringe,
Satin Stripped Poplin, Silk Tissue, Cologre, Bar-
ge, Ginghams, Lawns, Mantillas, Tickings, Flan-
nels, Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Calicoes,
Cambrics, Nankens, Jeans, Book Hand